



A New Song on the

Jovial SAILOR.

HOW little do the landmen
know
of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount, & winds
do blow,
but we have hearts of steel.

No danger can affright us,
no enemy shall flout,
We'll make the Monsieurs right us
so tofs the can about.

Stick stout to order, Mess-mates,
we'll plunder, burn, and sink,
Then France, have at your first
rates,
for Britons never shrink,

We'll rumage all we fancy;
we'll bring them in by scores:
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
shall roll in Louis d'Ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
with our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely boys,
and then to sea for more.

In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
in war we'll never fly:
Here's a health to George our
King, boys,
and the royal family.

F I N I S.

February 2.